W: Boothly P 66

PRESBYTERY

TRULY

DISPLAY'D,

OR AN

Impartial Character

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN.

BEING

A Vindication of that Sanctified PARTY, from the Virulent Calumnies of ſome Foul-mouth'd DETRACTORS in this Modern AGE.

LONDON,

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PRESBYTERY

TRULY

DISPLAY'D:

OR, AN

Impartial Character

Of that ſo much abuſed

FACTION, &c.

PRESBYTERY! the very Name implies Age and Gravity, therefore not to be expoſed to the Obloque of Greener and more Frothy Wits, that are imploy'd in Reviling that Innocent Faction; whereas Reverence ought to be given to the Gray Head, according to Merit, and not to be Buſtoon'd and Flurted at by every young Fop, who has not Phlegm enough to allay his Gall, nor Diſcretion ſufficient to check his Hot-headed Paſſions intheir full Career: Nay, the word Puritan, a Nick-name God-father'd on them by ſome of our ſcoffing *Shimeis*, and *Rakebel Rabſhakehs*, implies in its genuine ſignification, no other than Purity: Like the Catharists of Old, who pretended to be more Sanctimonious than the reſt of their Brethren, free from wilful Sin, tho' ſometimes accompanied with Humane Frailties and Immoralities, and thoſe ſufficiently Notorious, as you ſhall underſtand by this enſuing Character.

As for the common Name of *Phanatic*, it is the Appellative

all

of all Diſſenters from our Holy Mother the Church of *England*; and ſo Conſequently not to be Appropriated ſolely to them: but he that denies it to any Faction, deſerves to be Caged up in that Stately Structure in *Morefields*, as much as any Lunatic that ever was confin'd thereto, ſince its Original Erection. But to return to the Matter in hand, If you take into your Serious Conſideration the enſuing Character of the *Presbytery*, I preſume it will rince out all the Stains they have been Tainted with, and wipe away all thoſe Opprobrious Calumnies they have been be-ſpatter'd with by ſome Black-mouth'd Buffoons. In ſhort, take it as followeth: A *Presbyter* is a Perſon that Inveighs againſtDebauchery in General, and Thunders out *Anathema's* in every Nonſenſical Harangue againſt Drinking, Whoring, and Swearing; but for Diſſimulation, Hypocriſie, and Lying, *Belzebub* is not able to out-do them: And as I have heard it from one of the Rabbies of the *Weſtminſter*-Sanhedrim, if there be one Place in Hell hotter than the other, that is the Portion of the Hypocrite; but I leave the Reader to make Application. He's a Man that always appears with a writh'd Cloſe-ſtool Face, and makes ſuch Grimaces, that you muſt needs think him to be on the Jakes, ſtrain'd by the Operation of a ſmart Cathartic; ſo that it may be ſaid by him more truly than it was of one of the Roman Emperors, *Ingenium male habitat*. His Wit (if any) is ill lodg'd, his Soul is couch'd in a very Crabbed and Untoward Apartment; he ever appears, at beſt, like a Man out of his Wits, with a Swaggering pair of Ears, but not an inch of Hair; whereby you ought to underſtand, my Beloved, that he is no Legal Nazarite in the firſt place, and has been ſo Fortunate as to keep his Lugs on his Logger-head, though by the Law of the Land he deſerves to have them cropt (if not cut off) as well as the Triumviri of their Order, Profeſſors of the three moſt noble Sciences in the Nation, Divinity, Law, and Phyſick. He is *Mercurius Cœleſtis*, the Divine Mercury, or *Prime Gazeteer*, who acquaints the Lord of Hoſts with the Succeſs of the Battles fought by his Peculiar People (as he Cants it in his Religious *Jargon*) during the late Unexampled Rebellion; and was the only Trumpet that Rais'd and Fomented it. He Outgapes a Tarpaulin in a Hideous Storm, which induceth me to believe that the Diſtance of the Heavens is more remote than Aſtronomers by their Obſervations have Diſcovered, or otherwiſe his Affected and Squeaking Tone were enough to reach the Bleſſed Spirits, and Diſturb them in their Heavenly *Chorus* of *Hallelujahs*. He is the true Pulpit Buffoon, the Eccleſiaſtical Mammamouchie, ſuch a Cuſheon-Cuffer, that it wants no duſting for a Twelve-Month after. He can Prate and Pray (as he miſ-calls it) three hours compleat by the Clock, with the Additional Help of Spawling, and the Aſſiſtance of Time-ſpending Coughs, Hums,

Hums and Haws; and Aſſaults the Deity daily with his Incongruous Preachment, that there is need of the Glorious Attributes of Patience and Long Suffering to Bear with, and Forbear him. The Sight of that Innocent and Decent Ornament, a Surplice, will frighten him into a Tertian, and the Harmonious Sound of a well-tun'd Organ, touch'd by a Skilful Hand, caſt him into an Hectic Feavor; a Diſtemper that ſcorns the power of Drugs, and is only Cur'd by Death. He's one that pretends to Religion, but abhors all Decency and Order; a Slovenly Fellow in Divinity, a mere Cloak or Demicaſter-Divine, that ſcorns, and indeed deſerves not, the Ornamental Veſture of Cap and Gown. One that is ever Pregnant, yet with nothing but Impertinence, and that too much too; who ſtill winks in his Prayer, as if he knew the very Way to Heaven Blind-fold, or were at Blind-mans-buff with his Blinder Congregation: So Starch'd and Formal in his Looks, that the Philoſopher, ſhou'd he ſee him, wou'd certainly Laugh a ſecond time, when an Aſs mumbling of Thiſtles, at firſt was the occaſion of it; and then he begins and tires the Infatuated Auditory with —— *Lord! we know Lord! ah Lord we do! that thou Lord knoſt, good Lord! that we know nothing; and we thank thee, O Lord, O Lord, I ſay, with Ingemination, we return thee Thanks, that thou haſt been pleas'd of thy great Goodneſs and Mercy, to make us ſenſible of our Nothingneſs; to make us empty our Selves of all Worldly and Carnal Things, for the Love of thee!* —— But enough of this ſenſeles Gibberiſh. And what think you is the Reward of this Ejaculatory Vanity? Why, he is Supported for it by thoſe (that want Wit, God kno's, more than he does Money) I mean the Quarterly Benevolence of an Apron'd Auditory, that Comfort the Cockles of his Heart with Cawdles and Reſtoratives, weekly at leaſt; beſides the Religious Vails that he receives at a Galloping Lecture; and the Work of the Day being over, then he makes uſe of a Point of Chamber-Exhortation, and beſtows on his Benefactreſſes a Holy Kiſs, and ſo Engenders Faith and Goodnes in them, by his Cloſe-manag'd Conſolation: Now if after that, according to the uſual time, an Infant chance to Peep into the World, out of one of thoſe Sanctifi'd Wombs, 'tis doubtles a Babe of Grace, a Brat of the *Genevan* Reformation, being begot by ſo Zealous a Bigot, on a Superſtitious and Over-credulous a *Devota*. *Rabadineir*, and the Spaniſh *Mariana*, are the two Politic Jewels that he keeps in his Cloſet, who hath ſo imbib'd their King-Killing Tenets, that it is a Matter of no ſmall Difficulty to Judge, whether the Jeſuit be Presbyteriz'd, or the Presbyter Jeſuited; there is ſuch a Metempſychoſis

ſychoſis and Tranſamination among them, that it would puzle *Pythagoras* himſelf to judge which is which; and if you add the Directory, and Aſſemblies Annotations, you have a Compleat Catalogue of his Library. Nay farther, He's a pretty Beagle that Howls forth Sedition, and Belcheth out Blaſphemy, *A la volée*, at Random; and if a well-minded Chriſtian be his Remembrancer, and Tax him with his Error, he then has Recourſe to his Zeal and Fervor, and affirms that his Holy Language is un-underſtood by the Prophane Reprover. Set-Forms of Prayer he calls the Stifling of the Spirit, and mere Lip-labour, which are an Abomination to the Godly; but to Preach and Pray Extrumpery, and *ad Saltum*, O! there's the Life and Pulſe of Religion, in ſuch Fervent Oraiſons and Vigorous Ejaculations. If there be one Sentence of Senſe or Coherence in Two Hours Diſcourſe, he that hears him may venture to forfeit both his Senſe and Reaſon; for his Folly in Laviſhing away his Time at ſo Idle a Rate. His Method is Singular, for he Quotes you a Scripture, and then as ſoon plays the Fugitive, runs away from his Text, and Prates ſo long, till his Audience run away from him too, before he has done. He's ſuch a Cuſhion-*Cuffer*, that he beats the *Suggeſture*, till the Church Echo with the Noiſe of his Hand-Cuffs; and it is impoſſible for a Man over-grown with a Deep Lethargy, to take a Nap in his Conventicle; for before he can do that, he will catch you (as *Moſs* caught his Mare) Napping. The Common Prayer is his Common Grief, tho' ſome of the Common People Curſe him for it; but he, like a Religious Fox, verifies the Proverb, *The more he's Curs'd the more he Thrives.* He's a Turbulent Fop, who is never Content with any Government, till his Head be Elevated a Pole higher than his Shoulders; and in truth, *London-Bridge* is the beſt place for a Presbyterian Nodle. He ſtudies Invectives againſt the *Pope*, and in plain Engliſh, upon the account of his Eccleſiaſtical Authority, is himſelf but a Parochial Popeling, and Damns and Saves *ad Libitum*, as pleaſes him; as his Holines preſumes to do. He walks as Demurely as a Spaniard, or like a Man newly Recover'd of a Conſumption; ſo that you may ſay the Dominical Prayer between every ſtep. He's a Man of a Crazy Conſtitution at beſt, and when he Salutes you, he puls off his Caſtor with more unbecoming Formality and Simple Affectation, than a Countrey Carrier. He's of a Stubborn Inflexible Perſuaſion, one that will Bow to a Kirk-Jocky, but not the Lord Jeſus; he will Cringe to a Holy Siſter, but can't bend the Ham in the Lords Prayer. Yea, and

and Nay is the Standard of his Converſation, and I ſolemnly Proteſt and Vow, the higheſt of his Aſſeverations. In truth his Religion is but a meer Puppet-ſhow, for he delights only in Formality, tho he hates all Approved Forms of well Regulated Devotion. Look upon him in *Puris Naturalibus*, and Nature has Imprinted a Lively Character of him; for he is but an Inch on this ſide of a Natural. His True Zeal he pretends to (if any) is too Hot, and his falſe Religion (as we juſtly term it) is too Cold. In ſhort, He's a Church Incendiary, a Pulpit Boutefeu, an Eccleſiaſtic Buffoon, a Preacher of Sedition, a Fomenter of Rebellion, a pretended Friend both to King and Countrey; but in truth the ſole Enemy of both. And ſo we leave him and his Faction to a Condign Puniſhment here, and conclude with a ſlight, tho' home Touch, of their State hereafter, by an account of a late Viſion in Hel. That there are no *Presbyters* in Hel, that's the Tenet which was prov'e Irrefragably, by the Great Learning and Sophiſtry of a Reverend Elder (I mean *Presbyter*, for thats his Downright Engliſh Name) who did hold forth in that Large and Spacious Congregation at *Pinners Hal*, and in his Sermon did ſufficiently expatiate on the Commendations and Merits of the *Presbytery*, returning great Acknowledgement to the Diſpoſer of all Things, that his Lot was caſt to be one of that Society, and happily Clos'd his Ingenious Harangue with this his late Viſion. Not long ago, when the Sun had deſerted our Hemiſphere, and all things were at their Reſt, but the Active Fancy of Man, I was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with a Strange, but Tru Dream, that I was by an unheard of Providence, carried into Hel; where arriv'd, I to ſatisfie my Curioſity, Gaz'd about, and there I ſaw, as my Imagination prompted me to believe, ſeveral Popes, Emperors, Potentates, Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Jeſuits, Independents, Browniſts, Anabaptiſts, Quakers, Millenarians, with a vaſt number of Monks and Friers; nay, ſome of all Profeſſions whatſoever, whether Civil or Eccleſiaſtical: But upon the ſtricteſt Survey I cou'd make, not one Presbyter appear'd among them all: So that with Erected Hands I Darted up a Pious Ejaculation to Heaven, that it was my Chance, by the Aſſiſtance of Providence, to be of that Religious Order, of whom many were Deceaſed, but none for their Impieties ſent to Hel; and ſo he concluded his Harangue with a freſh Panegyric of the Presbyterian Party.

The Sunday ſubſequent, it was the Fortune likewiſe of an Independant to Teach in the ſame Congregation, where he made a large Repetition of the major part of the Presbyterians Work, the precedent Day, and did bemoan himſelf that he

was

was not ſo Happy to be of that Fraternity; but *in fine*, he acquainted the Aſſembly as followeth; I, ſaid he, alſo had a Viſion, wherein I imagin'd my ſelf in Hel, and eſpied ſeveral Perſons of all Orders, eſpecially of the Independents, which made me with Aſtoniſhment Exclame, *O what a Bleſſed Order is this! O that I had been a Presbyter! O that I had never underſtood Independency!* But recollecting my ſelf, as my Phancy prompted me, I Beckon'd to a Diminutive Fiend in that Infernal Region, whiſper'd to him, and ask'd him, Whether there were no *Presbyterians* in thoſe Territories? Who Replied very Affably and Civilly, that there were none, but that they were Lock'd up in a large *Contignation* below the Place where I was, and there they were in Multitudes, and Throng'd ſo faſt to thoſe Subterraneous Regions, that there was ſcarce room enough to contain them: but they were too Seditious to be in the Common Apartment of the Damn'd, for if they were, they would ſet *Satan's* whole Kingdom on Flame, and put all his Inhabitants and Vaſſals into an Univerſal and Domeſtic Rebellion: Nay farther, that he durſt not let them have a *Mariana* or *Calvin*, for fear they ſhou'd Preach Sedition, and be over-heard, and ſo conſequently ſet his whole Dominions into a Combuſtion. And thus Farewel thou Notorious Impoſtor, known by the Common Name of *Jack Presbyter.*

Decipies alios Verbis, vultuque benigno,
Nam mihi, jam notus, Diſſimulator eris.

FINIS.

IMPRIMATUR.

High Jinks; cum Privilegio
Ked. Baxt. & *Conſenſu Alior.*